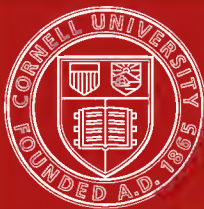


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IN FABLELAND



BY EMMA SERL



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IN FABLELAND

BY

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IN FABLELAND

WITH

LEO, the lion

LOBO, the wolf

REYNARD, the fox

BRUIN, the bear

BRUNO, the dog

DOBBIN, the horse

PUSSY, the cat

BUNNY, the hare

and their friends.



“REYNARD NEARLY DIED OF FRIGHT.”

THE LION AND THE FOX

Leo, the lion, was king of the beasts.

Reynard, the fox, had never seen him. He thought he would ask the other animals about him.

He went to Bruin, the bear. Bruin was eating honey from a bee tree. He was glad to talk to the fox.

“Good morning, Bruin,” said Reynard. “Have you ever seen Leo, the lion? I have heard that he is a dreadful animal.”

“Yes,” said Bruin, “I saw him once last summer. He is the most terrible animal you can think of. He is a

hundred times as big as a fox. His eyes are like fire, and his teeth are like swords.”

“I hope I shall never meet him,” said Reynard; “I know I should die of fright.”

Then Reynard saw the goat. He was lying in the shade of a tree, chewing his cud.

“Billy,” said Reynard, “did you ever see Leo, the lion?”

“Yes, I saw him once,” said Billy. “His head is as big as a house. His mouth is like a cave, and his paws are like trees. Oh, he is a dreadful animal!”

“I hope I shall never meet him,” said

Reynard; "I know I should die of fright."

The next day he saw Pussy, the cat.

"Pussy," said Reynard, "did you ever see Leo, the lion?"

"Don't talk to me about him," said Puss. "It frightens me to think of him. I saw him once. He had just killed a deer. He is a terrible animal. When he roars the ground trembles. When he growls the trees shake. And when he walks in the woods the other animals run and hide."

"I hope that I shall never meet him," said Reynard; "I know I should die of fright."

“Listen,” said Pussy. “I think I hear him coming. Yes, there he is. Run, Reynard, run!”

But Reynard was too frightened to run. He lay down behind some bushes and nearly died of fright.

After the lion had passed on, Reynard came out of the bushes and ran home.

“He is more dreadful than Bruin or Billy or Pussy said he was. I hope I shall never meet him again,” he said.

A few days later Reynard was hunting in the woods. Again he heard the roar of Leo. This time Reynard sat down behind a rock and watched him as he passed by.



“Well,” said he, “that lion frightened me dreadfully, but he is not so terrible as the animals said.”

The next morning Reynard was on the mountain. He saw Leo sitting in



front of his den. He did not try to hide this time.

He walked up to the lion and said, “Good morning, Friend Leo. How are you this fine day?”

THE FOX AND THE CROW

One day Mrs. Crow found a fine piece of cheese.

“Here is a nice meal for my little ones,” she said. “I will take it home to them. But first I’ll rest in this tree.”

Reynard, the fox, passed by the tree. He was on his way to the river for some ducks. He looked up into the tree and saw Mrs. Crow.

“Oh,” said he to himself, “Mrs. Crow has a fine piece of cheese. I wish I had it. Perhaps I can get it. If I can make her open her mouth that cheese is mine.”

Then he said out loud, "Good morning, Mrs. Crow. How well you are looking to-day! I never saw you look so beautiful. Won't you talk to me a little?"

But Mrs. Crow did not say a word.

"I must try again," thought Reynard.

So he said, "Do you know what Lobo, the wolf, said about you? He said that you had a sweeter voice for singing than any bird in the woods."

Now this pleased Mrs. Crow very much. She was so silly as to believe all that the fox told her. She hoped he would talk some more, so she sat quite still and listened.

“Dear Mrs. Crow,” said Reynard, “how I should love to hear your voice! Won’t you please sing one little song for me? Then I will go to Leo, the lion, and tell him that I have found the Queen of Birds.”

Silly Mrs. Crow knew that





she could not sing but she thought she would try. She opened her mouth and said, "Caw, caw," as loud as she could.

As she did so the cheese fell to the ground. Reynard quickly ate it up.

“Thank you, Mrs. Crow,” he said, “for my good dinner. That was the best cheese I ever tasted. Now let me give you this advice: do not believe all that foxes tell you.”



THE WOLF AND THE KID

A herd of goats were eating grass on the side of a hill.

“Don’t go away,” said a mother goat to her little one. “Stay here and the dogs will take care of you. If you go away Lobo, the wolf, may catch you.”

“All right, Mother,” said the little kid; “I will not go far.”

For a while he ate the grass near the others.

Then he said to himself, “What is the use of staying here all the time? This grass is dry. I can see some

grass by the pond that is fresh and green. I am going down there. I don't believe Lobo is near."

So the little kid ran down the hill.

Now Lobo, the wolf, was hidden in the bushes near the pond. He wanted to catch something to eat.

"There is a fine little kid," he said to himself. "I think he is coming this way. If he does I will catch him. What a fine dinner he will make!"

When the little kid came near, Lobo jumped out and caught him by the neck.

"Oh, Wolf," said the kid, "are you going to kill me?"

“Yes,” said Lobo, “I am going to eat you for dinner.”

“Before I die I should like to ask one thing,” said the little kid.

“Well, what is it?” asked Lobo.

“I have heard, Lobo,” said the kid, “that you can play beautifully on the horn.”

“Yes, I can play a little,” said Lobo.

“Then, dear Lobo,” said the kid, “won’t you play a tune and let me dance a little before I die? I love to dance.”

“I never saw a kid dance,” said Lobo, “but I will play for you.”

So Lobo played and the kid danced.



“That is fine, Lobo!” said the kid.
“But can’t you play a little louder? I like loud music to dance by.”

So Lobo played as loud as he could.

The dogs who were watching the goats heard the noise.

“What can be the matter?” said the leader. “Let us go and see.”

They ran down the hill and there they saw Lobo playing and the poor little kid dancing.

The dogs at once jumped upon the wolf. Lobo dropped his horn and ran for the woods.

“How silly I was,” he said to himself, “to play for that kid instead of eating him!”



THE DOG IN THE MANGER

“I wish I could find a quiet place to take a nap,” said Bruno one day. “The flies bother me in my kennel.”

“Why don’t you go into the barn?” asked Pussy. “It is cool there, and the hay is soft and sweet.”

“That will be a good place,” said Bruno. “I am glad you told me about it, Pussy.”

In the barn he found a manger full of hay. He curled himself up there and was soon fast asleep.

At noon the oxen came home from their work. They were hungry and

wanted the hay which was in the manger.

The dog woke up and snapped and growled at them.

“Please go away and let us have our dinner,” said one of the oxen. “We are hungry.”

“I won’t go away,” growled Bruno. “I shall stay here as long as I like.”

“You don’t eat hay, do you?” asked the other ox.

“Of course I don’t eat hay,” said Bruno. “Who ever heard of a dog eating hay?”

“Well then, get away and let us have it,” said the oxen.



But Bruno only barked louder and louder.

“You are a selfish fellow,” said the ox. “You can’t eat the hay yourself and yet you will not let any one else have it.”

THE LION AND THE GNAT

One day Leo lay down to rest. A little gnat came and stung him on the nose.

“Go away,” said Leo, “or I will hit you with my big paw.”

“I am not afraid of you,” said the gnat. “I shall stay here as long as I please.”

“Do you say that you are not afraid of me?” roared Leo. “You’d better go away. Don’t you know that I am king of the beasts? I am stronger than any animal in the forest.”

“You think you are too big and

strong for me,” said the little gnat. “I am little but I can fight you just the same.”

“You fight me?” said Leo. “Why, I could kill a hundred gnats with one blow of my paw.”

“Perhaps you could,” said the gnat, “but let us fight.”

“All right,” said Leo. “Go ahead.”

Then the gnat stung Leo on his lip.

“There is my first blow,” said the gnat.

Leo tried to strike the gnat with his paw. But the gnat was so quick that Leo hit his own face instead. His claws tore the flesh and made it bleed.



The gnat stung Leo in the corner of his eye.

“Did you feel that, King Leo?” he asked.

Again Leo struck at the gnat but

only hit himself again. This time his sharp claw went into his eye.

“Never mind,” said Leo, “I’ll catch you yet!”

The gnat stung him on the nose.

Leo began to get angry. “I must hit quicker and harder,” he said to himself, “if I want to catch that little gnat.”

So Leo hit harder and harder. The gnat stung him again and again. Each time Leo hit himself.

At last Leo said, “I can’t stand this any longer. My face is all covered with blood and my eyes are nearly swelled shut.”

He got up and ran away as fast as he could.

“Ho, ho!” laughed the gnat. “Now, who is king, I wonder? Not the lion, I think.”

Then the gnat flew away through the forest.

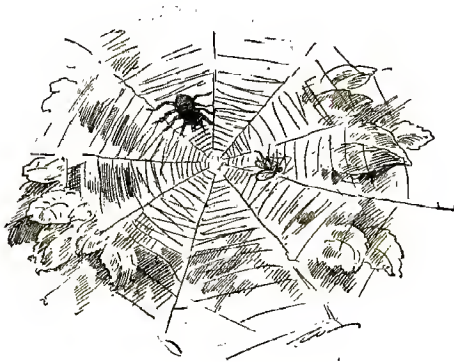
“I will stop here,” he said. “This is a good place to rest awhile.”

He flew to a little bush and lighted on one of its leaves. But he did not see the web which Madam Spider had just finished spinning. His gauzy wings were caught in the silken threads.

“I am caught, oh, I am caught!” cried the gnat.

He tried and tried to get free, but the web caught his wings and held him fast.

“I shall die and be eaten up,” he said. “I cannot get away. I can fight a big lion but I cannot save myself from a little spider.”



THE HARE AND HER FRIENDS

All the animals liked Bunny, the hare. She was so little and kind and good. She did not play tricks like Reynard and she did not tell stories like Lobo.

“I am your friend, Bunny,” said Dobbin, the horse. “I would do anything for you.”

“I am your friend too, Bunny,” said the goat. “Call on me if you want anything.”

“We are all your friends, Bunny,” said the other animals. “We will help you at any time. You are so good.”

“I am glad you all like me,” said Bunny. “One cannot have too many friends.”

One day Bunny heard the dogs coming.

“I must get away,” she said. “If those dogs catch me they will kill me in a minute. I will ask some of my good friends to help me.”

Just then the horse came down the road.

“Oh, Dobbin,” called Bunny, “the dogs are coming. I am afraid they will catch me and eat me. You can run so fast; won’t you carry me away on your back?”

“I should like to, Bunny,” said Dobbin, “but I have to work to-day. Come to me some other time when you are in trouble. You have so many friends; ask some one else to help you. There is the donkey. Ask him.”

“Oh, Donkey,” cried Bunny, “the dogs are coming. They will catch me and eat me. Won’t you carry me away on your back?”

“I am very sorry, little Bunny,” said the donkey, “but I am not very well to-day. I don’t feel like running fast. Some one else will help you. There is the goat. Ask him.”

“Oh, Billy,” cried Bunny, “the dogs

are coming. Can't you hear them? They will catch me and eat me. Please carry me away on your back."

"Why, Bunny," said Billy, "I should be glad to, but you see my back is so rough. I am afraid it might hurt your little feet. There is the sheep. He has a nice soft woolly back. He can carry you. Ask him."

"Oh, Sheep," cried Bunny, "the dogs are coming. I am afraid they will catch me and eat me. Won't you carry me away on your soft back?"

"I cannot help you this time, Bunny," said the sheep. "You know some dogs bite sheep. I do not want

them to see me with you. There is the calf. He can run. Ask him.”

“Oh, Calf,” cried Bunny, “the dogs are coming. I am afraid they will eat me. Please take me away.”

“I should like to help you,” said the calf, “but I am afraid to do so. So many older and wiser animals have refused you, I think I’d better not try. You know I am quite young.”

“Well,” said Bunny, “there is only one thing left for me to do. I must run. My own legs will save me if my friends will not.”

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES

Reynard, the fox, was very thirsty. He had not found any water all day. He said to himself, "I shall die if I do not have a drink soon."

Sitting by the fence he saw Bunny, the hare.

"Oh, Bunny," he called, "come here. I won't hurt you. I want to talk to you. Do you know where I can get a drink? I am so thirsty."

"Yes," said Bunny, "I know where there is a nice spring of cold water, but it is a long way from here."

Reynard said, "Take me to it, Bunny, and I will give you something."

"No," said Bunny, "I can't go with you. I am going after some cabbage. But you can find it if you go down the road to the big rock. I am in a hurry, so good-by."

Reynard hunted and hunted for the spring but could not find it.

Then he met Lobo, the wolf.

"Oh, Lobo," he said, "do you know where I can get a drink? I am so thirsty."

Lobo said, "No, I do not know where there is any water but I know where there are some nice grapes. I ate some

once when I was thirsty. Jump over this fence and run up the hill. You will find them there. I am going to catch a sheep. Good-by.”

Reynard found the grapes but they were in a high tree.

“What fine juicy grapes!” he said. “How sweet they will taste!



I shall not be thirsty after I get some of them. I cannot climb the tree but I think I can jump and reach them

So he jumped and jumped.

“This is hard work,” said he. “I wish they were not so high.”

Then he jumped again and again.

At last he said, “I cannot get them. But I do not care. I know they are sour grapes.”





THE LION'S SHARE

Reynard stopped at Leo's home one afternoon.

"Oh, Leo," he called, "are you at home?"

“Yes, I am here,” said the lion.
“What do you want?”

“The donkey and I are going hunting,” said Reynard. “We want you to go with us.”

“I shall be glad to go,” said Leo.
“I was just wishing for something to eat.”

So the lion, the donkey, and the fox started out together.

They had not gone far when they caught a fine large deer.

“Let us rest here and eat it,” said Leo. “I am hungry. Donkey, you divide it. Give each one the part he should have.”

So the donkey took the deer and divided it into three equal parts.

“Now I think the parts are even,” he said. “Which part do you want, Leo?”

Leo looked at the parts. Then he grew angry.

“What do you mean, Donkey, by taking so much for yourself?” he said.

“The parts are even,” said the donkey. “If you don’t like the way I have divided it you need not take any.”

This made Leo still more angry. He sprang upon the donkey and killed him.

“Now, Reynard,” he said, “there are only two of us. See if you can divide the deer.”

Then Reynard put all the meat in one pile except a little piece of the leg. He put this off by itself.

“This big pile is your share, Leo,” said Reynard. “This little piece of the leg is mine.”

Leo was very much pleased with the fox.

“Reynard,” he said, “who taught you how to divide the deer so well?”

“The dead donkey taught me how,” said Reynard.

LOBO AND THE LAMB

Lobo was hungry and thirsty.

“I wish I could find some good cold water,” he said.

Soon he met Leo, the lion.

“Leo,” he said, “do you know where I can get a drink?”

“Yes,” said Leo; “there is a fine stream on the other side of the hill.”

Lobo ran over the hill as fast as he could.

There he found the stream of clear, cold water.

“How good this is!” he said. “Now

if I only had something to eat I should be happy.”

He looked down the stream and there on the other side was a little lamb.

“There is my dinner,” said Lobo. “Such a nice fat lamb! I must find some excuse for killing him.”

So he called out in an angry voice, “How dare you make the water muddy when I want to drink it?”

“I am not making it muddy,” said the lamb. “Don’t you see that the water runs from you to me? See how clear and bright it is.”

Lobo saw that he had made a mis-

take. "I must find some other way to quarrel," he said to himself.

Then he said out loud, "You are the lamb who called me names last year. Reynard told me you did."

"Reynard has told you a story," said the lamb. "I have never talked about you; and I was not born a year ago."

"Well," said the wolf, "if it was not you it must have been your father. Anyway it is all the same."

Then the wolf sprang across the stream, caught the poor lamb, and ate him up.

REYNARD AND MRS. CRANE

“I think I will play a trick on Mrs. Crane,” said Reynard one day.

So he went to the pond where Mrs. Crane lived.

“Good morning, Mrs. Crane,” said Reynard. “You have not been to my house for a long time. Won’t you come and take dinner with me to-day?”

“Thank you, Reynard,” said Mrs. Crane. “I shall be glad to come.”

When dinner was ready, all they had to eat was soup served in a big flat dish.

“Come and eat,” said Reynard. “I hope you will like this good hot soup.”



Mrs. Crane with her long bill could get nothing out of the dish.

Reynard with his broad tongue quickly ate up all the soup.

“Why, Mrs. Crane,” said Reynard, “you didn’t eat anything.”

“No,” said Mrs. Crane, “I can’t eat out of such a flat dish.”

Reynard laughed at Mrs. Crane.

“That is a good joke,” he said.

“I must go now,” said Mrs. Crane. “Won’t you come and take dinner with me to-morrow?”

“Thank you,” said Reynard. “I shall be glad to.”

So next day Reynard went to Mrs. Crane’s home.

“Good morning, Reynard,” said Mrs. Crane. “Dinner is ready. Come this way. Here is soup in this tall jar. I hope you will like it.”

The jar was tall and the neck was



narrow. The soup did not reach to the top. Reynard could not get a taste. Mrs. Crane with her long bill ate it all.

“How do you like my joke, Reynard?” asked Mrs. Crane.

THE DOG AND HIS SHADOW

One day Mr. Brown, the butcher, said, "Are you hungry, Bruno? You look nearly starved. Here is a fine piece of meat."

Bruno was glad to get the meat. He started for home as fast as he could run. On the way he passed Reynard, the fox.

"Hello, Bruno," said Reynard. "Where did you get that nice piece of meat? Can't you stop and talk awhile? It is such a long time since you came to see me. Do stop for a few minutes."

But Bruno had heard of Reynard's tricks and he only ran on faster.

On the way home he had to cross a little stream of water. He stopped on the bridge and looked down. He saw his shadow in the water.

“Why,” he said to himself, “there is another dog. He has some meat too. I believe his piece is larger than mine. Yes, I am sure it is larger. I am going to fight that dog and get his piece of meat.”

So Bruno dropped his piece of meat into the water. He jumped in to fight the other dog. But there was no other dog there.

Then he tried to find his own piece of meat, but it was at the bottom of the river.

“By being so greedy I have lost my dinner,” said Bruno to himself as he walked slowly home.



HOW THE MONKEY SETTLED THE QUARREL

Pussy and another cat once found a big piece of cheese. They began to quarrel about it.

Jocko, the monkey, passed that way. He heard them quarreling and stopped to listen.

“Why, Pussy,” he said, “what is the matter?”

“I found this piece of cheese,” said Pussy. “It is mine, and I am going to keep it.”

“No, it is mine,” said the other cat. “I saw it first.”

“But I ran and picked it up first,” said Pussy. “So it is mine, isn’t it, Jocko?”

“Why don’t you cut it into two parts and each take one part?” asked the monkey.

“That is a good idea,” said Pussy. “I will cut it at once.”

“No, you shall not,” said the other cat. “I will cut it myself.”

“I will not let you cut it,” said Pussy. “I know you would take the larger piece.”

“Let me cut it,” said the monkey. “I am sure I can cut it into two equal parts.”

“That is fair,” said Pussy. “I can trust you, Jocko.”

“You are a good friend of mine, Jocko,” said the other cat. “Cut it as quickly as you can.”

So Jocko got a big knife. He cut the cheese into two pieces. Then he looked at each part.

“I think this piece is larger than the other,” he said. “Yes, I know it is larger. I will bite some off this piece, so that both will be alike.”

Then he took a big bite off one piece.

“Now I believe the other piece is a little larger,” said he. “I will take a little off that one too.”

“Oh, Jocko,” cried Pussy, “don’t do that. Give us our cheese and let us go.”

“No,” said Jocko, “I will not give it to you until both parts are even. You might quarrel again if I did. Now you see this part is larger. I will fix it.”

“Oh, Jocko,” cried the other cat, “give us our cheese. We will not quarrel any more. Indeed, we will not.”

“Just wait a little,” said the monkey.

He nibbled first from one piece and then from the other.

Now, Jocko,” said Pussy, “please



give us the rest. There is not much left, but let us have it.”

“What is left,” said Jocko, “is just enough to pay me for settling this quarrel. You don’t expect me to work for nothing, do you?”

Then he quickly ate all the cheese that was left and ran away.

“What foolish cats we are!” said Pussy. “By quarreling we have fed the monkey while we shall have to go hungry.”

“Yes,” said the other cat. “We will not quarrel again.”



THE WOLF AND THE SHEEP

Some dogs chased Lobo one day. One of them bit him in the neck. Lobo turned to fight him when another bit his leg. A third bit his side.

“I can’t fight so many,” said Lobo.

So he ran to the woods as fast as he could. The dogs could not follow him there.

Lobo lay down under some bushes. The blood ran from his side and legs. He was weak and faint. He stayed there for three days.

“What shall I do?” said he. “I am too weak to hunt for food. I shall die

unless I can get something to eat. If some animal would only come near me, I might catch it.”

Soon a sheep came that way looking for grass.

“Oh, Sheep,” cried Lobo, “where are you going?”

“I am going over to the other hill,” said the sheep. “The grass there is fresh and green.”

“I am sick,” said Lobo. “Won’t you stop and do something for me first?”

“What do you want?” said the sheep.

“I am hungry and thirsty,” said Lobo. “The dogs bit my legs so that



I cannot walk. If you will only bring me a drink I am sure I can find some meat.”

“No, I will not,” said the sheep. “If I go near enough to give you a drink, you will use me for meat.”

THE CAT AND THE MICE

The city mouse lived with her brothers and sisters in a fine big house.

A cat lived there too. Every day she hunted for mice. Nearly every day she caught one or two.

“What shall we do?” cried one mouse. “She will soon eat all of us.”

One night the mice had a meeting to talk about the dreadful cat. Each mouse told how the cat had frightened him.

One mouse said, “If I go to the pantry to get a bit of cheese, she jumps at me.”

Another said, "If I go to the kitchen for a little piece of bread, I can see her bright eyes shining in the dark."

A little mouse said, "Last week I went to the dining room to pick up a few crumbs. She chased me and nearly caught me. I was so frightened that I have not dared to go out of my hole since."

"We must do something," said an old mouse.

"Let us all together run at her and bite her," said one.

"No," said another, "that will not do. We cannot frighten her."

"Listen to me," said a young mouse.



“I have a fine plan. You know the cat walks so softly that we can never hear her coming. Let us tie a bell around her neck. When she walks the bell will ring. Then we can hear it and run away.”

“Good, good!” cried the mice.
“What a fine plan! Let us get a bell
at once.”

“Wait a minute,” cried an old mouse.
“Which of you is going to tie the bell
on the cat?”



REYNARD IN THE WELL

One day as Reynard was going through a field he fell into a well. There was not much water in the well but he could not get out. He called for help as loud as he could.

“I don’t see how I can ever get out of this unless some one comes to help me,” he said.

He called again and again.

After a long time, Lobo, the wolf, passed that way. He stopped to listen.

“I think I hear some one calling,” he said to himself. “It sounds like that fox, Reynard. I wonder where he is.”

Then he saw the well and looked in. Away down at the bottom he saw Reynard.

“Why, Reynard,” he said, “is that you?”

“Yes, it is I,” said Reynard. “I am so glad to see you, Lobo. I know you will help me out.”

“How did you get down there, Reynard?” asked Lobo. “I should think you would be very cold.”

“I fell in,” said Reynard. “I was running and I did not see the well. Please help me out. Then I will tell you all about it.”

“Poor little Reynard!” said Lobo.

“Your fur is all wet, too. I am afraid you will be sick.”

“Won’t you please help me now, Lobo? I am so cold,” said Reynard, beginning to cry.

“I am so sorry for you, Reynard,” said Lobo. “I am afraid you will starve if you don’t get out soon. How dreadful it would be if you were to die!”

“Oh, Wolf,” said Reynard, “don’t talk so much. Help me out first and then pity me afterward.”

But Lobo only laughed and ran away.

Reynard called and called after him, but he did not come back.

After a while, the goat heard Reynard calling. He went to the well and looked in.

When he saw the fox he said, "Why, Reynard, what are you doing down there?"

"I shall not tell him that I am in trouble," said Reynard to himself.

Then he said out loud, "Oh, I just came down here to get a drink. It is so nice and cool and the water is so good that I like to stay here."

"I am very thirsty," said the goat. "I wish I had some water."

"Come down," said Reynard. "There is plenty for both of us."

“How can I get down?” asked the goat.

“Jump and I will catch you,” said Reynard.

So the goat jumped into the well with the fox and drank all the water he could.

“Isn’t this fine water?” asked Reynard.

“Yes, the best I ever tasted. Now how do we get out?”

“That is easy,” said Reynard. “First, put your forefeet up against the side of the well as high as you can reach. That is the way. Then I step on your shoulders and on your head and jump



out. Like this. Now I am out. Thank you very much, Billy.”

Then Reynard walked away and left the poor goat in the well.

“Reynard, Reynard,” he called, “come back and help me out.”

“I haven’t time,” said Reynard. “It is getting late, and I must go home. But let me tell you something: if you had been wise you would have looked before you leaped.”



THE WOLF AND THE CRANE

Lobo, the wolf, went hunting and caught a fat duck. He was hungry and he ate it so fast that a bone stuck in his throat.

“Oh, what shall I do?” cried Lobo. “I cannot get it out. I am afraid I shall choke to death.”

Just then he saw Reynard, the fox, running across a field.

“Oh, Reynard,” he called, “please come here. I have a bone in my throat. I am afraid I shall choke to death. Please help me get it out.”

“I won’t do it,” said Reynard. “You

would not help me out of the well yesterday. I won't help you now."

Then Lobo saw Bunny, the hare.

"Bunny, Bunny," he called, "please help me. I have a bone in my throat. I am afraid I shall choke to death."

"That is too bad," said Bunny. "Open your mouth and let me see. Yes, I can see it but, Lobo, I cannot reach it. I will tell you what to do. Go down to the lake and call Mrs. Crane. She has such a long bill, that I am sure she can get it out."

So Lobo went down to the lake where Mrs. Crane lived.

She was out in the water trying to catch some frogs.

“Dear Mrs. Crane,” Lobo called, “won’t you come here? I want you to help me.”

“No, I will not,” Mrs. Crane said. “You killed one of my brothers and I know you want to catch me, too.”

“Please help me,” begged Lobo. “Indeed, I will not hurt you. I have a bone in my throat and I cannot get it out. You have such a nice long bill, I am sure you could pull it out. Do come and try. I will pay you well if you will.”

So Mrs. Crane came out of the lake.



Then Lobo opened his mouth very wide and Mrs. Crane looked down his throat.

“I see it,” she said. “Now hold still, Lobo.”

She put her head into Lobo’s mouth. Her long bill caught hold of the bone, and it was out in a minute.

“Here it is, Lobo,” said Mrs. Crane.
“Now give me my money and I will go.”

“I will not give you anything,” said Lobo. “Wasn’t it pay enough that I did not bite your head off when I had it in my mouth? What more do you want?”



THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER

A grasshopper met an ant in the field one day.

“Why do you work so hard, Mrs. Ant?” asked the grasshopper. “Come over here and play with me.”

“I cannot play with you, Grasshopper,” said the ant. “I am putting away food for winter. Don’t you do any work?”

“Oh, I don’t like to work,” said the grasshopper. “It is more fun to jump and sing.”

“But winter is coming,” said the ant.

“What is the use of thinking about

winter?" asked the grasshopper. "There is plenty of food now, and I want to have a good time."

"You may be sorry some day," said the ant. "I haven't time to talk to you any longer. Good-by."

The cold days came. The ground was hard, and everything was covered with snow.

The grasshopper could find nothing to eat. At last he went to the ants' house.

"Dear Ants," he said, "won't you please give me something to eat? I am so cold and hungry."

"Why have you no food of your

own?" asked a big ant. "Why did you not save some grain and leaves last summer?"

"Oh," said the grasshopper, "I was so happy last summer, I could not work. It was so warm and bright that I sang and danced all day."

"Well," said the ants, "if you danced all summer you will have to starve all winter."



THE COUNTRY MOUSE AND THE CITY MOUSE

A mouse had a nice little home in the country. Her cousin lived in a big house in the city.

One day the city mouse came to visit her.

“Good morning,” she said. “I have come a long way to see you. I was afraid I might not find you at home so I came early.”

“I am very glad to see you,” said the country mouse. “Sit down and rest while I get dinner. Here are beans



and peas and some grains of wheat.
Do come and eat.”

“Poor thing!” thought the city mouse. “How little she has to eat! I should think she would starve; but

I must not let her see that I am sorry for her.”

Then she said out loud, “You are very kind. I did not have any breakfast this morning. I am very hungry.”

And she politely nibbled a few peas and ate some wheat.

When they had finished, the city mouse said, “Don’t you get very lonesome out here in the country?”

“No,” said the country mouse, “I like it here.”

“But it is so quiet,” said the city mouse. “In the city there is so much to see and do.”

“It must be very wonderful there,”

said the country mouse. "Please tell me about it."

"My sisters and I live in a very large house," said the city mouse. "There are many rooms, and we have such fine things to eat."

"What kind of things?" asked the country mouse.

"Oh, cake and pie and cheese and turkey, and everything good that you can think of," replied the city mouse.

"I wish I could have some of them," said the country mouse. "I have never tasted pie or cake."

"Come home with me," said the city

mouse. "I will give you all the good things you can eat."

"I wish I might go," said the country mouse.

"Go with me to-night," said the city mouse. "There is plenty of room where I live. After you have been there a few days you will never want to come back here."

"All right," said the country mouse. "I will go."

"We will start as soon as it is dark," said the city mouse. "Then no one can see us."

So as soon as it was dark, the country mouse and her cousin started for

the city. They ran and ran until the country mouse was tired.

“Cousin,” she said, “let us stop here and rest. I am so tired that I cannot run another step.”

“Oh, come on,” said the city mouse. “It is not much farther. Think of the good supper we shall have.”

So they ran on again.

“Here is the house,” said the city mouse. “Now follow me and I will show you the hole where we get in. Now we are in. Look! Isn’t this a fine place?”

“Yes.” said the country mouse, “it is

beautiful. Now where are the good things to eat?"

"They are in the pantry," said the city mouse. "Come this way. Now, can't you smell them? Slip through this hole and then you shall have all you want."

"Is this big place the pantry?" asked the country mouse.

"Yes; now jump up on this shelf. Here are the cakes. Over there are the pies. Just try some of this crust. Isn't it good?"

"Yes, indeed," she said. "Oh, Cousin, I am so glad I came home with you! I want to stay here always."



Just then the door opened.

“Run,” said the city mouse. “Get back into the hole.”

Both the mice ran into the hole as fast as they could go.

“What was that?” asked the country mouse. “Oh, I was so frightened!”

“That was only the cook,” said the city mouse. “She will leave in a minute. Then we can go out and get some more to eat. She has gone now. Come, I smell some cheese.”

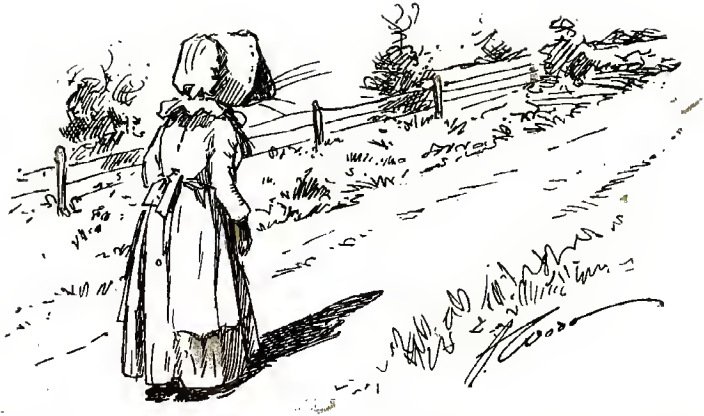
They were soon back on the shelf, trying the meat and cheese.

Suddenly the door opened again and they heard a loud bark.

Again the mice ran for their holes.

“Oh, Cousin,” cried the country mouse, “what dreadful thing was that?”

“That was only the dog,” said the



city mouse. "He won't stay long. Then we can go back again. But what is the matter?"

"I am going home, Cousin," said the country mouse. "You may have your pies and cakes and be frightened all the time if you want to. I would rather have my beans and corn in a quiet place. Good-by."

THE CROW AND THE PITCHER

“I wish I could find a drink,” said Mrs. Crow one afternoon. “I haven’t had any water since morning.”

“I know where you can get some,” said Bunny, the hare.

“Do tell me,” said Mrs. Crow. “I am so thirsty.”

“Do you see that tree over there?” asked Bunny.

“Yes,” said Mrs. Crow, “I see it.”

“By the side of it is a big pitcher of water,” said the hare.

“Thank you, Bunny; you are very good,” said Mrs. Crow. “I will go at once.”

She flew quickly to the tree.

“Yes, here is the pitcher,” she said.
“Now I shall have a good drink.”

The pitcher was tall, and there was not much water in it.

Mrs. Crow tried to drink, but her bill could not reach the water.

She tried first on one side of the pitcher and then on the other. She could not wet even the tip of her bill.

“What shall I do?” said Mrs. Crow.
“I must have a drink.”

She stood still and thought for a minute.

“Perhaps I can break the pitcher,”

she said. "Then I can get a drink as the water runs out."

She pecked it with her bill, and she hit it with her foot.

"No, it is too hard," she said. "I cannot break it. I wonder if I could tip it over."

She pushed against the pitcher, but she could not move it.

"What a heavy pitcher!" she said.

She stopped and thought again.

"I will try another plan," she said.

Near the pitcher was a number of little pebbles. She picked up one in her bill and dropped it into the pitcher.



Then she dropped another in. After many pebbles were dropped in, the water reached nearly to the top, and Mrs. Crow had a drink.

“Where there’s a will there’s a way,” she said as she flew off.

REYNARD AND PUSSY

Reynard met Pussy in the forest one day.

“Do you know any tricks, Pussy?” asked Reynard.

“I know one or two,” said Pussy.

“Only one or two?” asked Reynard.
“That is not very many.”

“But they are very good ones,” said Pussy. “How many tricks do you know, Reynard?”

“Oh, I know a thousand,” said Reynard. “I know more tricks than any animal in the forest. I know a hundred tricks to play on dogs. What

would you do, Pussy, if the dogs were to come?"

"I should have but one plan," said Pussy. "If that did not help me, I should be caught."

"Poor Pussy," said Reynard. "I am sorry for you. I will teach you a few of my tricks, if you want me to."

"Listen," said Pussy. "I think I hear the dogs. There they come, Reynard. I will try my one trick."

Pussy ran up a tree and sat down on one of the branches. The dogs barked at her, but they could not reach her.

"Now I will see Reynard play some of his tricks," said Pussy.



But the fox with his many tricks could not get out of sight. The dogs chased him and bit him.

Pussy watched from the tree.

“One good plan is worth a hundred little tricks,” she said.

LOBO AND BRUNO

One day Bruno met Lobo, the wolf, in the woods.

“Why, Lobo,” he said, “what is the matter? You are so thin, I hardly knew you.”

“I am nearly starved, Bruno,” said Lobo. “I haven’t had anything to eat for a long time.”

“Can’t you catch anything?” asked Bruno.

“No,” said Lobo. “I have hunted and hunted, but I can’t find even a mouse. How fat you are, Bruno! You must have a great deal to eat.”

“Oh, yes,” said Bruno. “I have all that I want.”

“Where do you get it?” asked Lobo.

“My master gives it to me.”

“Does he give you meat?”

“Yes, I have meat three times each day. Sometimes there is so much that I cannot eat it all. Then I take what is left and bury it. My master is very good to me. He plays with me and pets me every day.”

“I wish I had such a home,” said Lobo.

“Come home with me,” said Bruno. “You can live with me and help me guard the house at night.”



“That will be fine,” said Lobo. “Let us go at once.”

So Bruno and Lobo ran down the road together.

They had not gone far when Lobo

said, "Wait a minute, Bruno. What is that mark on the side of your neck?"

"That isn't anything," said Bruno. "The chain rubbed the hair off a little bit."

"What chain?" asked Lobo.

"The one they fasten me with," said Bruno.

"Do they fasten you with a chain?" asked Lobo.

"Why, yes," said Bruno, "all dogs are fastened with chains, sometimes."

"Would they fasten me, too?" asked Lobo.

"Yes," said Bruno, "I think they would, once in a while."

“I won’t be fastened with a chain,”
said Lobo. “I am going back to the
woods. I would rather be free, even if
I do not get much to eat, than to have
three meals each day and be fastened
with a chain.”



THE QUARREL

“Where are you going, Leo?” asked Bruin one morning.

“I am going hunting,” said Leo. “I haven’t had anything to eat for two days.”

“Let me go with you,” said Bruin. “I think I know where we can catch a deer.”

“I am very fond of fat deer,” said Leo. “Which way shall we go?”

“Let us go up on the mountain,” said Bruin. “I caught some sheep there last week.”

So Leo and Bruin started off together.

For a long time they hunted, but could not find anything. At last they saw a little deer. They both sprang upon it and killed it.

The deer was small, and Leo and Bruin were both hungry.

“There is not enough for both of us,” said Leo. “You go and catch something else, Bruin. I want all of this deer myself.”

“You shall not have it,” said Bruin. “I brought you up here and showed you where to find it. It is mine.”

“No, it is not,” said Leo. “I killed it with my strong jaws.”

“No, I killed it with my big paws,” said Bruin.

Then they began to fight. Leo bit Bruin, and Bruin hit Leo. Leo roared, and Bruin growled.

Reynard, the fox, was also hunting on the mountain that morning. He heard the noise and came to see what was the matter.

“Why, Bruin and Leo are fighting,” he said. “I will watch them awhile. I will hide behind this bush so they cannot see me.”

So he sat down and watched them a long time.

“I wonder what they are fighting about,” Reynard said to himself. “I think I will creep up a little nearer and see.”

Then he hid behind a big rock that was near.

“Oh, yes, I see,” said he. “They have killed a little deer and both want it. I think that deer would make a good dinner for me. I will wait awhile.”

Leo and Bruin still fought. At last they became so tired and worn out that they could fight no longer. They



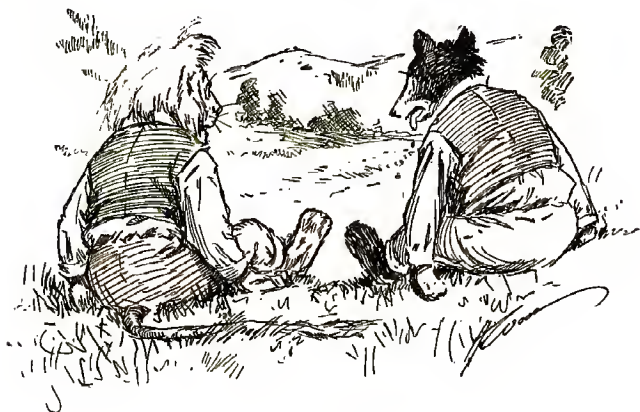
lay upon the ground and glared at each other.

“Now is my time,” said Reynard. He slipped up quietly, seized the deer and ran away with it.

The lion and the bear saw him and tried to chase him, but they were too tired to go far.

They lay down again and watched Reynard. Over on the other hill he was having a fine dinner.

“How foolish we are,” said the lion, “to take all this trouble to feed the fox!”



THE BLUE WOLF

One night, Lobo, the wolf, went down to the home of Farmer Davis.

The farmer's wife had that day been using some blue dye. "I will leave it here in this tub," she said. "I may want it in the morning."

As Lobo jumped over the fence he fell into the tub.

"Dear me!" he said. "What is this? My fur is all wet with some queer stuff. I do not like it."

He tried to lick it off, but it tasted so bad that he soon stopped. He shook

himself again and again, but still he could not get it out of his fur.

Next morning he went down to the pond and looked at himself in the water.

“Why,” he said, “I am blue. That stuff has made my brown fur turn blue. What shall I do? What will the other wolves say when they see me? I don’t want them to see me. I think I will run away.”

So he went to the other side of the mountain and stayed there three days.

Then he said, “I don’t like it here. I want to go home. I know what I will do. I will play a trick on the other animals.”

So he went back home, but he walked slowly and did not speak to any one.

The other animals all came to look at him. They did not know that it was Lobo.

“What a queer animal!” said Reynard. “Who can he be? I never saw a blue animal before.”

“He looks very strange,” said the goat. “Do you think he will eat us?”

“I am afraid of him,” said the monkey. “I don’t like the color of his fur.”

After the animals had all looked at him and talked about him, Lobo sat down and called them to him.

“Listen to me,” he said in a strange

voice. "I have come to be your king. Don't you see that I am different from any of you? I have blue fur. No other animal has such fur. It is only for kings. Leo, the lion, hasn't such fur. I will be king in his place."

"Good!" cried some of the animals. "It will be fine to have a king with blue fur."

But some of the wolves talked together.

"I think he looks like us," said one wolf.

"Do as I say," said an old wolf. "Slip up behind him and give the howl of the pack. If he is a wolf he will

answer. Then we shall know who he is.”

So the wolves slipped up behind him. Then all together they gave a loud howl.

Before he thought Lobo answered.

“Ho, ho, Lobo!” cried the wolves, “we know you.”

“You are not a king!” cried the other animals.

“Blue fur will not make a king of a wolf,” said Reynard.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

One day, Leo, the lion, lay down by his den.

“I am so tired,” he said, “I am going to take a nap.”

He was soon fast asleep.

A mouse lived near Leo’s den. She was hurrying home to her little ones. She thought the lion’s paw was a root and ran across it.

This woke the lion up. He was angry and roared loudly. The mouse was so frightened that she could not move.



Then Leo raised his big paw and put it down on the poor little mouse.

She squealed and squealed.

“Oh, please, Leo, let me go,” she begged.

“No, I will not let you go,” said Leo.

“You woke me up, and I am going to eat you.”

“I did not mean to wake you up, Leo,” said the mouse. “I thought your paw was a root. Please do not eat me.”

“But I am hungry,” said Leo. “I want something to eat.”

“Oh, I am so little, Leo! It would take a hundred mice to make a dinner for you. Let me go and I will do something for you some day.”

“That is a good joke,” said Leo. “What do you think a little mouse like you could do for me?”

“I don’t know, Leo,” she said, “but please let me go.”

“Well, I will let you go this time,” said Leo. “But don’t wake me up again when I am asleep.”

The mouse ran away to her home and her little ones.

The next day Leo went out to hunt. He had not gone far when he was caught in the net of some hunters.

He roared and roared.

The mouse was at the door of her little home.

“I wonder what that noise is,” she said. “It must be Leo. How he roars! Something must be the matter. I think I will go and see.”

She ran toward the woods and soon found the lion.

“Why, Leo,” she said, “what is the matter?”

“I am caught in this net,” said Leo, “and I can’t get out. Soon the hunters will come and kill me.”

“Can’t you break those ropes?” asked the mouse.

“No, they are too strong,” said Leo. “I am afraid I shall have to die.”

“Let me help you,” she said. “I think I can gnaw some of the ropes. Hold still, Leo. Don’t roar so.”

Then she used her sharp little teeth.



Soon one of the ropes was cut, then another and another.

“I think I can break the others,” said Leo. “Now I am free. Thank you, dear little Mouse; you saved my life.”

“You see I did help you, Leo,” she said, “even though I am only a mouse.”

REYNARD AND THE HEN

One moonlight night Reynard started out hunting.

“I think I know how to get a good fat hen to-night,” he said to himself.

He met Bruin on the road.

“Where are you going?” asked the bear.

“I am going to the henhouse for a nice fat hen,” said Reynard.

“You’d better be careful,” said Bruin. “Farmer Davis has bought a new dog. He is a great big fellow and is not afraid of any animal. He nearly caught Lobo last week.”

“I am not afraid,” said Reynard. “I know a trick or two.”

Soon he reached the henhouse.

High on a perch was a fine young hen.

“There is my supper,” said Reynard, “but how can I get it? I shall have to try a trick.”

Then he called softly, “Madam Hen, Madam Hen, wake up! Have you heard the news?”

“What news?” asked the hen.

“Good news,” said Reynard.

“What is it?” asked the hen.

“King Leo has made a new law,” said Reynard.



“REYNARD WAS RUNNING AS FAST AS HE COULD.”

“I have not heard of it,” said the hen.

“I have come to tell you about it,” said Reynard. “King Leo says that no animal shall kill any other animal. He says that all animals and birds must be good friends.”

“That is fine news,” said the hen. “I am so glad to hear it.”

“Come down here, Madam Hen, and I will tell you more about it,” said Reynard.

“Listen!” said the hen. “I think I hear some one coming.”

“Who is it?” asked Reynard.

“I think it is the dog,” said the hen.

“I must go,” said Reynard.

“Why do you hurry?” asked the hen. “I was just coming down. Stay and talk the good news over with the dog.”

“I haven’t time to talk to him now,” said the fox.

“Wait a minute,” called the hen. “Here he comes. I am sure he will want to meet such a good friend.”

But Reynard was running as fast as he could.

“I should like to stay,” he called back, “but I am afraid the dog may not have heard of the new law.”

HOW LOBO TOOK CARE OF THE SHEEP

Lobo, the wolf, saw a flock of sheep on the side of the mountain.

“What fine sheep those are!” he said to himself. “I hope Leo or Bruin will not find them. I want them for myself. I wonder how I can get them.”

He watched them all day, but the shepherd was with them and Lobo did not dare go very near.

The next day he came again and watched them. The shepherd saw him and said, “There is the wolf that was here yesterday. If he comes nearer I shall kill him.”

Just then Reynard came along.

“I will drive him away,” said Lobo.

He ran at Reynard and made him go back to the woods. Then he came back and watched the sheep.

“That must be a good wolf,” said the shepherd. “He drove away the fox. I believe he wants to help me.”

The next day Bruin came from the other side of the mountain.

“There is the bear that stole a lamb last week,” said the shepherd.

Lobo ran at the bear. He bit him until Bruin was glad to run away.

“Good Lobo,” said the shepherd, “you are better than a dozen dogs.”



Every day Lobo came and watched the sheep, and every day the shepherd let him come a little nearer.

One day the shepherd said, "Lobo, you are such a good wolf, you can



watch the sheep as well as I can. I must go to town this afternoon. You take care of the sheep. Don't let Bruin or Leo get any of them."

Then the shepherd went away and Lobo was left with the sheep.

"This is just the chance I have been waiting for," said Lobo.

He sprang among the sheep and killed a large number of them.

After he had eaten as many as he could he started for the woods.

“I think the shepherd will soon be home,” Lobo said to himself. “He may be a little cross when he gets here. I don’t think I care to see him.”

When the shepherd returned he found that Lobo was gone and many of the sheep were killed.

“It serves me right,” he said, “for trusting my sheep to a wolf.”

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE

One day the brown hare met a tortoise. He had never seen one before.

“What a queer fellow you are!” said the hare. “What short legs you have! Can you run?”

“I cannot run very fast,” said the tortoise, “but I can beat some animals.”

“How funny!” said the hare. “Now, Mr. Tortoise, I should like to know what animal you could beat?”

“Well, Mr. Hare,” said the tortoise. “I could beat you.”

The hare laughed and laughed.

“That is the best joke I ever heard,” he said. “You must be crazy.”

“No, I am not crazy,” said the tortoise. “I know what I am talking about. Shall we race, Mr. Hare?”

“All right, I will race,” said the hare; “but it is very funny.”

“There is the fox over there in the road,” said the tortoise. “Ask him to come and see that the race is fair.”

“Oh, Reynard,” called the hare, “come here. This silly tortoise wants to run a race with me. Isn’t that a joke? We want you to tell us when to start and how far to run.”

“All right,” said the fox. “I like to

see races. Do you see that big tree down there in the road? The one who gets there first wins the race. Now get back here on this line. Start when I count three. Now, one, TWO, THREE!”

When Reynard said “Three,” away they both went.

The hare jumped along for a minute or two, then he looked around.

“I wonder where that tortoise is,” he said to himself. “The idea of thinking that he could race with me! It is hot to-day. What is the use of my going so fast? I will lie down and take a little nap.”



The poor tortoise was left far behind.

“I know I cannot go very fast but I will get to the tree some time,” he said to himself.

He moved slowly along the road. After a while he saw the hare.

“Why,” he said, “here is the hare. I do believe he is asleep. How queer that he should go to sleep when he is running a race! If he will only sleep a little longer I can win.”

After a while the hare woke up

“Well,” he said, “I had a good nap. I don’t see that tortoise anywhere. I wonder if I slept too long.”

He ran down the road as fast as he could.

When he reached the tree, Reynard and the tortoise were both there waiting for him.

“Slow and steady work wins the race,” said Reynard.

THE FROG AND THE MOUSE

A frog and a mouse once became good friends.

The frog lived most of the time in the water. He sometimes went to visit the mouse.

“I have such a nice home, Mrs. Mouse,” said the frog one day. “I wish you would come and see where I live.”

“But you live under the water,” said the mouse. “I cannot go there for I cannot swim.”

“I will teach you how to swim,” said the frog.

“I am afraid I cannot learn,” said the mouse.

“Oh, it is very easy,” said the frog. “Just let me show you how. I’ll tie your foot to mine with a piece of grass. Then I can drag you in the water until you can swim by yourself.”

So the mouse went with the frog.

The frog laughed to himself. “What a good joke this will be on Mrs. Mouse!” he said.

Soon they came to the edge of the water. The frog gave a big leap. He went far under the water. Poor Mrs Mouse went, too.

“Oh, Mr. Frog, I don’t like this,” she said. “Please take me to the shore.”

But the frog only laughed.

“Come, let us swim some more,” he said.

But the little mouse did not answer. She was dead.

The frog swam back and forth and jumped and played.

The dead mouse floated on the top of the water near him.

A fish hawk flew over the pond. She was looking for something to eat.

“Here is a dead mouse,” she said. “I will take it home to my little ones.”

The hawk picked up the mouse in her talons and flew away with it.

The frog had to go too, for his leg was still tied to the dead mouse.

“I wish I had not played that joke,” he said.



THE SICK LION

Leo, the lion, was sick. He stayed in his den all day.

He said, "Oh, I am so sick! I cannot stand or walk. I can catch nothing to eat. I know I shall starve."

Just then a goat passed by.

"I wish I could catch that goat," said Leo to himself. "What a good dinner he would make!"

So he called as loud as he could, "Oh, Goat, won't you come in to see me? I am sick and I want some one to talk to. Do come in for a little while."

The goat went into the lion's den. Leo caught him and ate him up.

The next day a gray rabbit hopped along near the den.

"He is not very big," said Leo, "but I think I can catch him."

Then he called, "Oh, little Rabbit, wait a minute. I haven't seen you for a long time. I am very sick. Won't you come in? I am all alone and I need some one to take care of me."

The rabbit hopped into the lion's den. Leo caught him and ate him up.

Next a big, white sheep came to the door and looked in.

"Oh, come in and help me," called

Leo. "I am so sick that I think I am going to die. I am all alone. Please come in and sit by my side."

The big, white sheep went into the lion's den. Leo caught him and ate him up, too.

After a while Leo looked out of the door again. He saw Reynard, the fox, sitting at the other side of the road.

"How do you do, Reynard!" called Leo. "Why don't you come over to see me? You know I am very sick. It does me so much good to see my kind friends. Do come in."

"No, thank you, friend Leo," said Reynard. "I do not want to come to



see you. I think it is better for me to stay out here. I see that the tracks of the goat and the rabbit and the big, white sheep all point *toward* your den. But I do not see their tracks pointing out again.”

THE WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING

As Lobo was going home one morning he met his cousin.

“Where are you going, Cousin?” he asked.

“I am going after some sheep, Lobo,” said the other wolf. “Won’t you go too? I know where there is a fine flock.”

“I don’t think I want to go,” said Lobo. “I know where the flock is. The shepherd let me take care of the sheep once last summer. He does not like me very well now. I heard him say he would kill every wolf he could find. You’d better not go.”

“I am not afraid,” said the other wolf. “I know a new trick. I will fool the shepherd.”

“How will you do it?” asked Lobo.

“I will tell you,” said the wolf. “Last week I found the skin of a sheep. I am going to dress myself in it. Then the shepherd will think that I am a sheep.”

“I am afraid he will kill you,” said Lobo.

The wolf laughed and ran away.

That night he put on the sheep's skin. It covered him all over. He looked like a big, white sheep.

Next morning when the sheep were

eating grass he slipped in among them. He pretended to eat grass too.

The shepherd did not notice him, and he stayed there all day.

Next morning when the shepherd was not looking he caught a lamb and ate it. The next day he ate a sheep. He did this for several days.

Then the shepherd counted the sheep.

“Some of my sheep and lambs are gone,” he said. “Where can they be? I have not seen any wolves around.”

The next morning he counted the sheep again.

“Two more sheep are gone,” he said. “I do not understand it. Perhaps they are lost. I will go and look for them.”

The shepherd climbed up the mountain. Behind a rock he saw two sheep.

“There are my two sheep,” he said. “But how queer! One of them is eating the other. I will find out about this.”

Soon he saw that one of the animals was a wolf.

He struck the wolf with his club. Then he took a rope and hanged him on a tree.

“Now,” said the shepherd, “I think



you will not eat any more of my sheep.”

Some men passed by.

“Why, Shepherd,” they said, “what made you hang a sheep?”

“I did not hang a sheep,” he said. “I hanged a wolf who was dressed in sheep’s clothing.”

HOW REYNARD LOST HIS TAIL

One day Reynard said to Lobo, "Let us go hunting to-night. Farmer Davis has some nice, fat hens. They are easy to catch. We can get them as soon as it is dark."

"I don't think I will go with you, Reynard," said Lobo. "Farmer Davis has some new traps. Bruin told me so. He said that one of them nearly caught him. I am afraid of them. I don't want to go."

"I am not afraid of traps," said Reynard. "I never saw a trap that could catch me. An animal who gets caught

in a trap is very stupid. Traps may catch bears and rabbits but they can't catch foxes. I am sorry you won't go with me."

As soon as it was dark, Reynard started for the henhouse.

He said to himself, "Farmer Davis thinks he can catch me but he can't. I don't care for traps. I have never been caught in one yet."

Reynard was hungry and he ran as fast as he could.

Soon he came near the farmer's house.

"I will stop here a minute," said Reynard. "I think I smell something.



Some one has been here. Oh, I see. Here is a trap. It must be the one Bruin was talking about. How very silly any animal must be to get caught in a trap like that!"

Reynard started away but suddenly

the trap shut and snapped off his big, bushy tail.

Reynard howled and howled. Then he ran to the woods as fast as he could go.

“What shall I do?” he said to himself. “The other animals will all laugh at me because I have no tail. I don’t want any of them to see me. I will hide in the bushes.”

So Reynard hid for a long time.

Then he thought of a plan. He sent for all the other foxes to come to him. When they came he made a speech, but he stood with his back against a tree.

He said, “My dear foxes, let us all

cut off our tails. They are of no use to us. They are always in the way when we run through the bushes. I am sure we could all run faster without them. Let us cut them off at once."

"Why do you stand so close to the tree, Reynard?" asked an old fox. "Turn around and let us see your tail."

But Reynard would not move. Then a big fox pushed him away.

"Look! Look!" cried the old fox. "He has already lost his tail. All he wants is to help himself and not us."

THE CAT AND THE CHESTNUTS

Jocko and Pussy were one day taking a walk.

“Oh, see,” said Jocko, “here is a fire which some hunters have left. Let us sit down and warm ourselves.”

“I wish we had something to eat,” said Puss.

“Here are some chestnuts,” said Jocko. “Let us roast them the way the men do.”

“How is that?” said Pussy.

“First you drop them on the coals, this way,” said Jocko. “After they

burst open I will show you how to get them out.”

“I have never eaten any,” said Pussy. “Are they very good?”

“Oh, they are fine,” said Jocko. “You will like them better than anything you have ever tasted.”

“I think they are done,” said Pussy. “Now how do we get them?”

“That is easy, Pussy,” said Jocko. “You take your paw and pull them out of the fire. Then I will break them open.”

“But, Jocko,” said Pussy, “the fire is so hot, I shall burn my paw.”

“I am sure you can get the chestnuts.



if you try, Pussy,” said Jocko. “Your paw is almost exactly like a man’s hand.”

Pussy was pleased at this. She reached for the chestnuts, but the coals burned her paw and she began to cry.

“Don’t cry, Pussy,” said Jocko. “Try again. You are so clever, I am sure you can get them.”

Pussy tried again and again. At last she got three chestnuts out of the fire.

“I can’t get any more, Jocko,” she said. “My paw is dreadfully burned. Give me the three chestnuts. I want to taste them.”

But Jocko had eaten the chestnuts when Pussy was not looking.

“A cat’s paw,” he said, “can pull chestnuts out of a fire better than anything I know of.”

THE EAGLE AND THE TORTOISE

One day the tortoise saw an eagle. The eagle was high above him in the sky.

“How fine it must be to fly in the air like that!” said the tortoise. “I am tired of crawling about on the ground. I want to learn to fly.”

Soon the eagle came down near the tortoise.

“Oh, Eagle,” said the tortoise, “won’t you teach me how to fly?”

“Why, Tortoise,” said the eagle, “you have no wings. How can you learn to fly?”

“I will try very hard to learn if you will only show me a little.”

“You cannot fly,” said the eagle. “Only birds can fly. You were made to crawl on the ground.”

Then the eagle flew up in the sky.

The tortoise was unhappy because he could not fly, too.

The next day he went to the eagle again.

“Please teach me to fly,” he said. “I want to go up in the sky as you do.”

“You cannot fly,” said the eagle. “Don’t think about it any more.”

The next day the tortoise came again.

“Eagle,” he said, “I will pay you if you will teach me to fly. I must learn.”

Then the eagle was angry.

“When do you want your first lesson?” he said.

“Now,” said the tortoise.

“All right,” said the eagle. “First, I will take you in my claws and fly up in the sky.”

When they were up high the eagle let go of the tortoise and said, “Now fly.”

Of course the tortoise could not fly. He fell down, down until he struck the rocks below.

THE LION AND THE ECHO

Leo, the lion, came down the mountain one morning. He was looking for something to eat, but he could not find anything. This made him cross, and he growled loudly.

An echo growled back at him.

Leo was surprised.

“What was that?” he said.

He growled loudly again, and again his growl came back to him.

“I believe it is a man,” he said. “I wish I could find him.”

He crept softly through the woods. He could not find any one.

He growled and then he roared.

Echo roared too.

“That sounds like another lion,” he said to himself.

Then he called as loud as he could, “Whose voice is that which roars at mine?”

Echo answered, “Mine.”

This made Leo angry, and he called again, “Who are you?”

Echo said, “Who are you?”

“I am a great and strong lion,” cried Leo.

“Lion,” Echo answered.

Leo ran toward the voice and shouted, “Come here and show yourself.”



“Elf,” answered Echo.

Leo was still more angry. He ran back and forth through the woods. He growled and roared, and Echo growled and roared too.

“I know it is some other lion,” said Leo. “He has come here and thinks he will be king in my place. But he shall not be king. I will find him, and then we shall see who is stronger.”

Leo rushed through the woods again. The louder he roared the louder Echo roared. Sometimes the voice seemed to come from one part of the woods, but when Leo reached there Echo was in some other place.

Now Reynard was out hunting that morning, too. He heard the angry roars of Leo and came to see what was the matter.

“I think I will not go close to Leo



just now," he said. "He is too cross."

So Reynard sat down behind a big rock. He saw Leo run through the woods. He heard him growl and roar, and he heard the answer of Echo.

At last Leo was so tired that he had to sit down and rest.

Then Reynard crept quietly through the bushes.

“King Leo,” he said, “may I tell you something?”

“What is it?” asked Leo crossly.

“I do not think there is any other lion in the woods, Leo,” said Reynard.

“There must be,” said Leo. “Didn’t you hear him roar? Just listen.”

Leo gave a loud roar, and Echo sent the roar back.

“Yes, I hear it,” said Reynard, “but, Leo, it is only your own voice that comes back to you in some queer way.”

“That cannot be,” said Leo.

“I am sure it is so,” said Reynard.
“Listen and you will hear my voice
come back, too.”

Then he gave two sharp little barks.
Two barks came back from Echo.

“That is strange,” said Leo. “Do it
again.”

This time Reynard gave three short
yelps. Echo sent back three yelps.
Then Leo tried, and again his roars and
growls came back.

“I don’t understand it,” said Leo.
“But perhaps you are right, Reynard.
How queer that a big lion who is king
should be afraid of his own voice!”

LIST OF STORIES

	PAGE
The Lion and the Fox	5
The Fox and the Crow	11
The Wolf and the Kid	16
The Dog in the Manger	21
The Lion and the Gnat	24
The Hare and her Friends	30
The Fox and the Grapes	35
The Lion's Share	39
Lobo and the Lamb	43
Reynard and Mrs. Crane	46
The Dog and His Shadow	50
How the Monkey Settled the Quarrel	53
The Wolf and the Sheep	59
The Cat and the Mice	62
Reynard in the Well	66
The Wolf and the Crane	73
The Ant and the Grasshopper	78
The Country Mouse and the City Mouse	81
The Crow and the Pitcher	91
Reynard and Pussy	95

	PAGE
Lobo and Bruno	98
The Quarrel	103
The Blue Wolf	109
The Lion and the Mouse	114
Reynard and the Hen	120
How Lobo Took Care of the Sheep	125
The Hare and the Tortoise	130
The Frog and the Mouse	135
The Sick Lion	139
The Wolf in Sheep's Clothing	143
How Reynard Lost His Tail	148
The Cat and the Chestnuts	153
The Eagle and the Tortoise	157
The Lion and the Echo	160







